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J. H. McCann
from E. J. Anderson

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WINNIPEG

TWELVE VIEWS OF SASKATCHEWAN

by G. KENDERDINE

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WINNIPEG, MANITOBA





WASKESIU LAKE

*Therefore I house me not with kin,
But journey as the sun goes forth
By stream and wood and marsh and sea,
Through dying summers of the North.*

—Bliss Carman.





THE LAND OF PROMISE

(Courtesy of University of Saskatchewan.)

*Lord of the far horizons,
Give us the eyes to see
Over the verge of sundown
The beauty that is to be.*

—Bliss Carman.





WINDSWEPT

*The storm, chill wind, the grey, the gloom—
While penitential frosts have balked.
And Winter's soul of beauty lay,
Her icy casket barred and locked.*

—B. A. Macnab





THE WOOD TRAIL

*How deep the tenderness that yearns
Within the silent wood that turns
From green to gold, and slowly burns
As by some inward fire.*

—Helena Coleman.



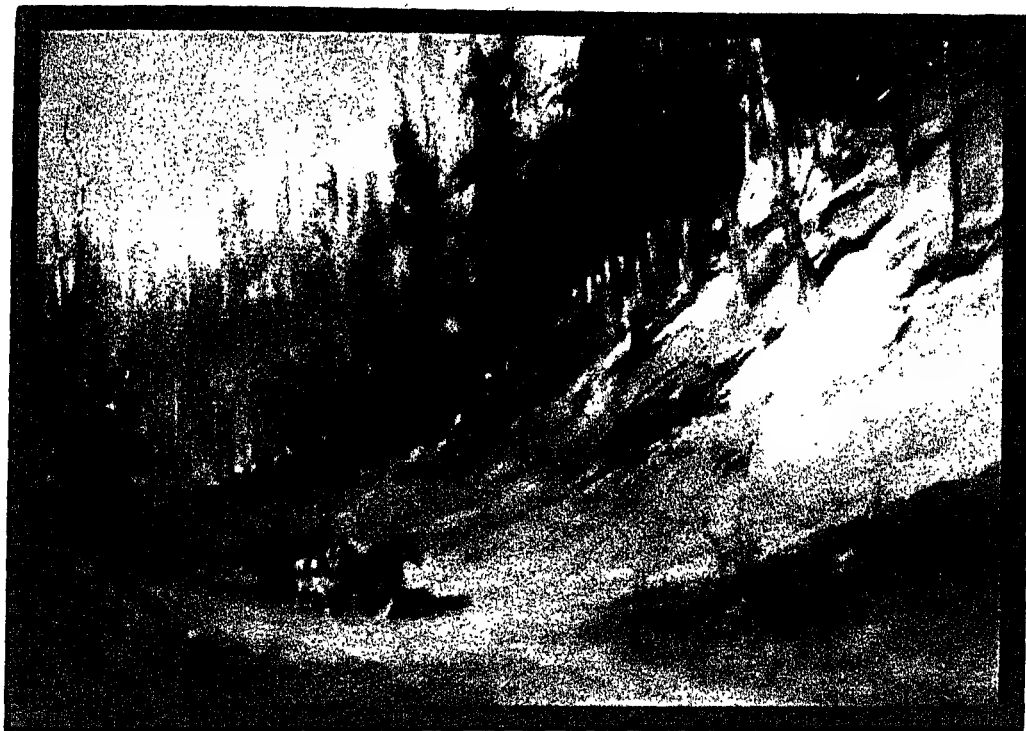


EMMA LAKE

*Softly the evening came
And sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch,
And melted and mingled together.*

—Henry Longfellow

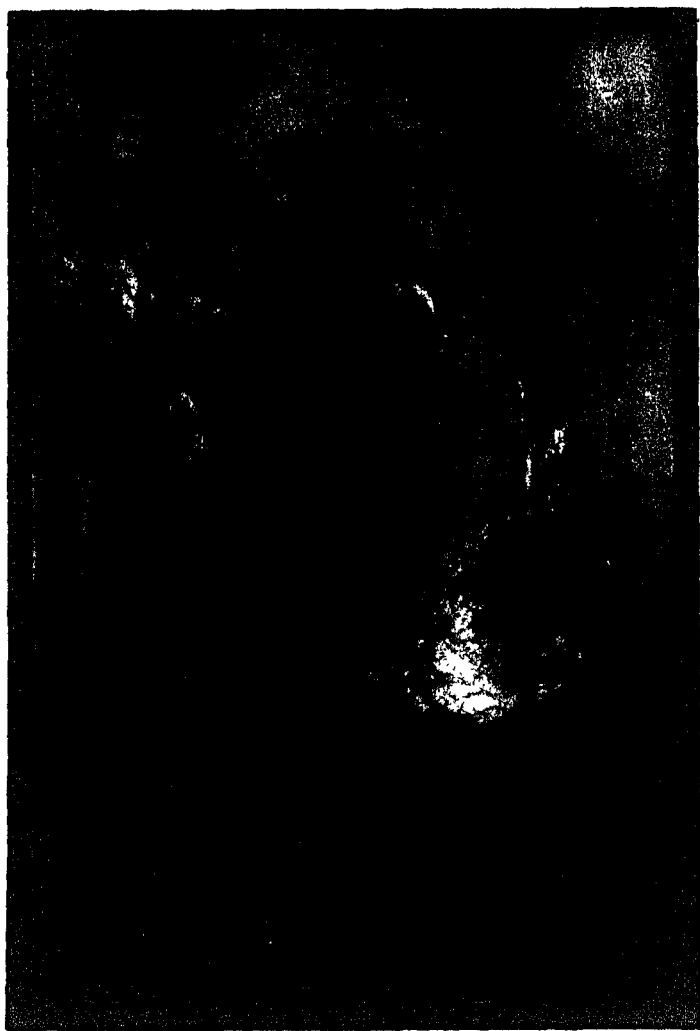




THE LAST LOAD

*Dimness. A glow on the wood.
The teams plod home to rest.*

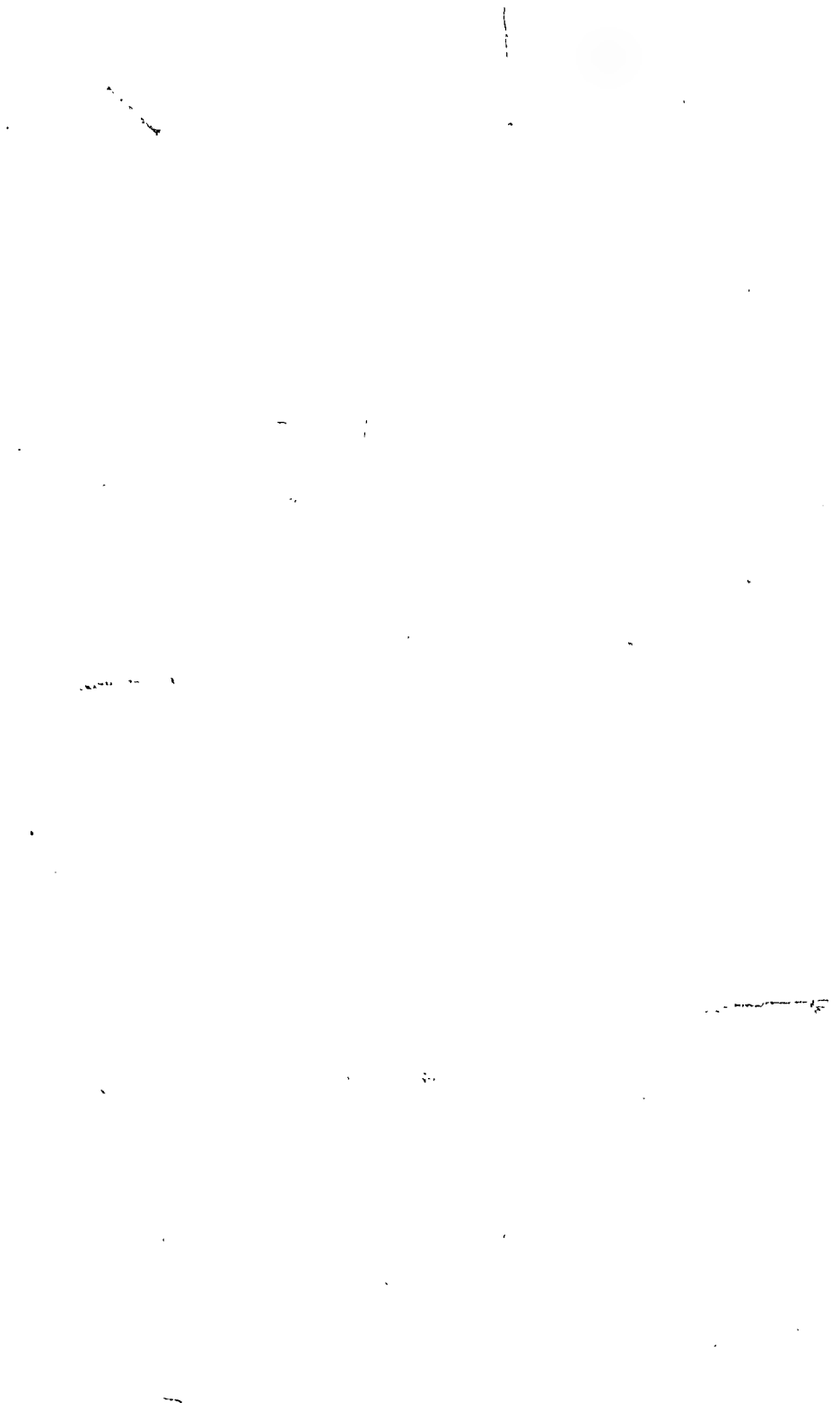
—John Masefield



MOONLIGHT

*Mortal, mortal, come with me,
When the moon is rising large,
Through the wood or from the sea,
Or by some lone river merge,
There, entranced you shall behold
Beauty's self, that grows not old.*

—Bliss Carman.





WASKESIU LAKE

Prince Albert National Park

*A dash of yellow sand,
Wind-scattered and sun-tanned:
Some waves that curl and cream
Along the margin of the strand.*

—E. Pauline Johnson.





HARVEST

*The fields that gave the harvest gold—
Afar before our eyes unrolled
In purple distance, fold on fold—
Lovely and tranquil lie.*

—Helena Coleman.





MANITOU LAKE

(Courtesy of University of Saskatchewan.)

*But now there comes a lightning flash
And now on hill and plain;
The charging clouds in fury dash,
And blind the world with rain.*

—Frederick George Scott.



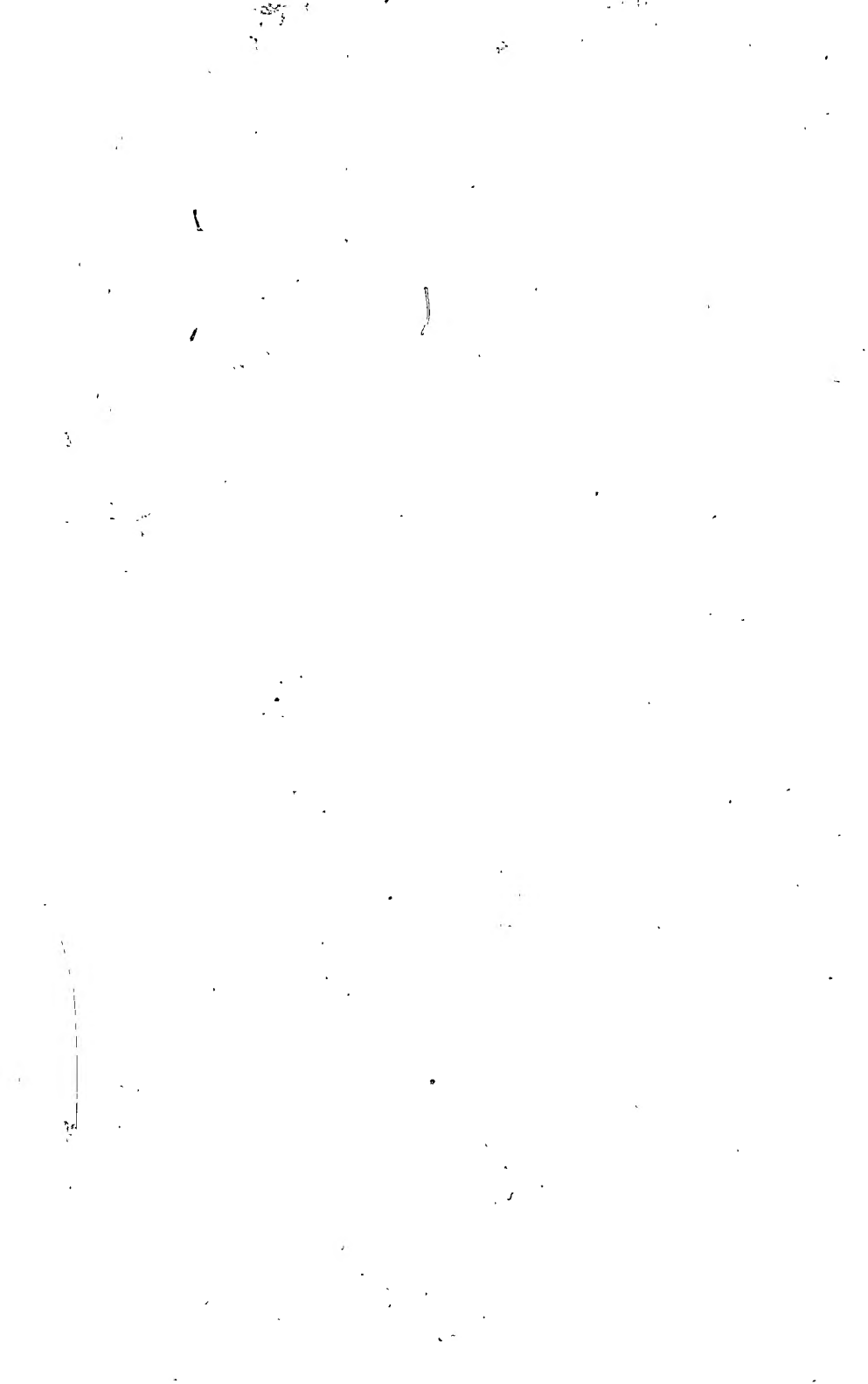


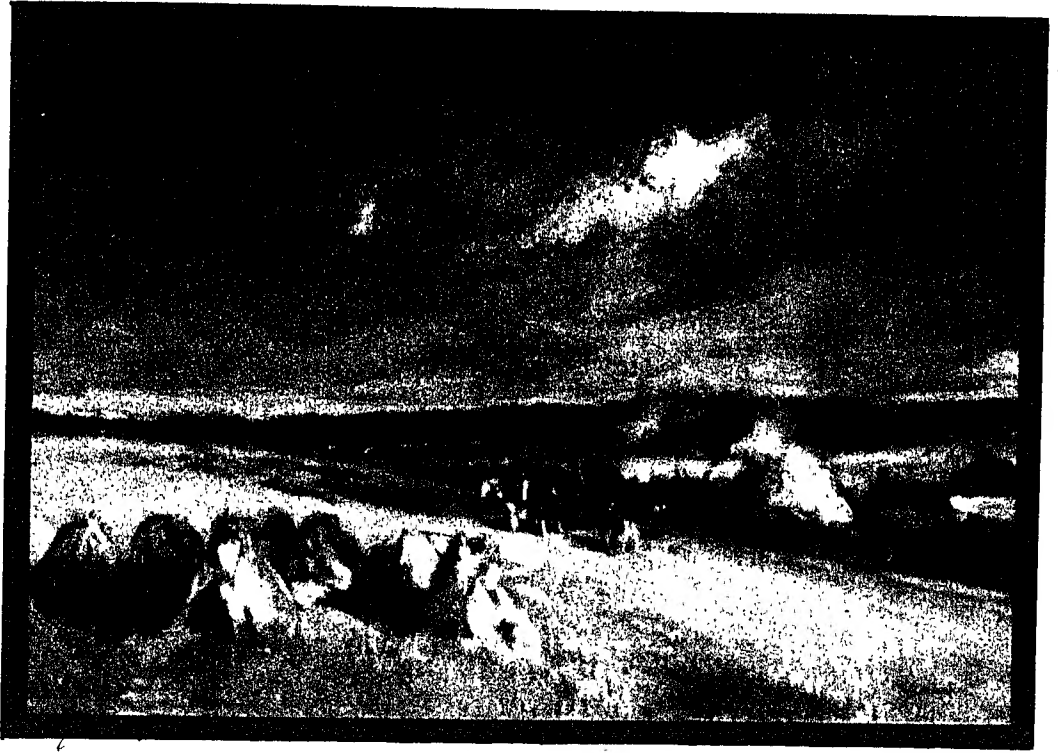
THE TRAIL FINDER

(By courtesy of Messrs. Nay & James, Regina)

"An empty plain, a steeley pond, a distance diamond clear,—and low blue naked hills beyond." And what is that to fear?

—Rudyard Kipling.





CLEANING UP THE FIELD

*Last night the wind swept swiftly o'er the fields
Where late the wheat swayed golden in the sun,
And where no more the singing reaper wields
His scythe, for now the harvest toil is done.*

—Arthur S. Bourinot.